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oscuro is so effective, that it is really a great picture. Painted with many of the motives that have made the works of Ruysdael, Salvator Rosa, and Titian famous, it is full of intellectual strength as well as of artistic knowledge.

Many of the portraits in the gallery are very charming, and full of individuality. Among the best of them are some by Oulless, and a little portrait of a child by Millais, called 'Early Days,' is delightfully fresh and sweet. A small, round-faced girl, with eyes as blue and arch as violets, is sitting on the grass, holding her kitten. She wears a little muslin cap, and has on a queer-figured frock. But the pure colours of her flesh and the delicate lines that mark her face, are the most attractive points of the picture, and to them we returned again and again to examine anew the way that her small chin swept into the oval of her cheeks, and to mark the fading of the eyelids into the arch of the forehead.

But the list of good pictures is too long to mention in detail, for any half-dozen of them afford material for a magazine article. Landseer does not appear better than in his beautiful painting of the 'Sick Monkey,' where the colours of the soft fur are so agreeable and the expression of the animal is so removed from caricature that beside such refined interpretations of lower life

most other modern paintings of the kind seem crude and disagreeable.

In the sentimental line of English pictures, is the famous one of the 'Interior of a Railway-Station' just before the starting of the train. In it are many scenes of life, from a bridal party to separating families, and the arrest of criminals, and all the attendants of such events are vividly if not very finely expressed. Faed's 'God's Acre' shows a graveyard where some children are peeping into an open grave, the sods of which are piled beside it; and here too is a cottage interior, after a funeral, where the father is saying grace, and the family, with streaming eyes and sad faces, are standing about their humble meal. Many of these latter pictures are painted with good technical skill, but they transgress the rules of Art by relying too much on their sentimental pathos.

On the whole, this is the finest collection of English pictures that has ever been seen in America. Scarcely a poor one breaks the completeness of the Exhibition; and, when they are not very good, the subjects, such as portraits of the Queen, the Princess Alexandra, or the marriage of the Prince of Wales, made the sending of them a compliment and a recognition of the interest Americans have always taken in Queen Victoria.

THE LONDON ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

I.



HE present, the one hundred and eighth exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, if it does not enhance, will not diminish, the reputation of the English school of Art. It is well up to, if, indeed, it does not exceed the standard of last year's exhibition in the number of notable works sent in; but is sustained more, perhaps, by rising men than by artists of higher professional attainments. On the whole it is a worthy record of English genius and skill in the several departments of the Fine Arts, and in this respect alone is deserving of careful and thoughtful study, and considerate estimation. In the department of portraiture, always a strong one at these annual exhibitions, the examples shown, taking into consideration the space each occupies, seem to be out of proportion to the number of principal works serving to illustrate the other departments of painting. Some of the landscapes exhibited are exceptionally good, and alone atone for certain other defects, chiefly of unequal selection of works, too noticeable on the Academy walls.

Figure-painting, as usual, occupies the most prominent space in the galleries; and, if the subjects treated this year are not particularly interesting, nor altogether novel, still the examples shown in this branch of the exhibition are admirably illustrative of the fact that English artists excel in this interesting branch of painting. In the first room, a very charming piece of landscape and figure drawing is F. Morgan's picture of 'The Haymakers'—three rustic beauties, pretty enough in all conscience to secure their elevation to leading positions in the more refined class of their sisterhood of the cities, are trudging homeward in the gloaming after haymaking. A bare-legged, chubby-faced, and prattling infant, in the arms of one of these pretty haymakers, is playing joyously with a good-tempered, bonny-looking lassie at her side:

The lisping infant prattling on the way
Does all their weary cares beguile,
And makes them quite forget their labor and their toil.

Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the newly-elected associates of the Academy, has a picture near at hand representing a scene from the "Birds" of Aristophanes, remarkable more, perhaps, for elaborate attention to detail in its working out, than for any special attractiveness of subject. Greek players are grouped about the poet, who instructs them in their parts; in the background is the chorus with masks of gigantic birds. Briefly glancing at 'The Wreck,' by W. Small, a noble specimen of grandly-painted seascape, certainly one of the masterpieces of the year, we are attracted

for the moment by Goodall's 'An Intruder on the Bedouin's Pasture,' a work of considerable merit depicting an Eastern scene. A dusky Nubian mounted camel-high surveys with apparently contemptuous look a pair of swarthy Arabs resting at the brink of a pool in the desert. The patches of pasturage, the camels, and the attitudes and faces of the men, are all effective; but the sky, blue and cloud-ruffled, does not, it seems to us, convey an adequate conception of the intense heat natural to skies of the desert. 'À bientôt,' by Val. C. Prinsep, is the best of this exceedingly skilful painter's contributions, although 'The Linen-Gatherers,' in an adjoining gallery, is the more ambitious work. A pretty piece of deftly-executed *genre* painting is this same 'À bientôt.' At the foot of the staircase of Devonshire House, well and accurately drawn, a gentleman in olive-green makes a courtly farewell to a lady in white satin. "Until we meet again," says the cavalier, and so they part with grace and courtesy. Mr. Prinsep is always exceptionally strong in these charming little pieces of drawing-room incident, and this picture is an admirable illustration of the care and skill with which he handles such subjects.

One always feels refreshed and invigorated after a glimpse of the breezy, warm-looking seas peculiar to Mr. Hook's pictures. Marine painting is Mr. Hook's forte; but he rarely plunges us into the cold, icy-looking green depths of the ocean without taking us, tiptoe at first, through a course of sea-bathing at sunny sandy coves sheltered by verdurous cliffs from the nipping winds of the northern and eastern English coasts. With 'Seaside Ducks,' for example, lovers of the town as we are, we are at home in an instant, and ready to take a courageous part in the, truth to say, not particularly inviting work which the foreground of the picture happens to portray. A fisherman has just hauled his boat on to the sandy shore of one of those picturesque coves familiar to all American lovers of the genial coast of southern Devonshire; such a cove, for instance, as may be found nowhere in more sunny luxuriance than about the waters of Torbay. The fisherman has hauled up his boat, and he, with the goodwife assisting, is busily engaged in assorting the night's catch. Cod, skate, whiting, and haddock, lie in a comely heap upon the beach. Human ducks, in the form of two healthy, barefooted, plump-looking fisher-girls, wade in a trickling rill running from the cliff down to the sea, and assist in the morning's labour of preparing the fish for the market. Feathered friends, in the shape of plump and well-looking representatives of the Aylesbury breed, dig their bills into the patches of sea-weed about in quest of edible flotsam and jetsam of the ocean. 'A Little Blue Bay,' by the same artist, in another gallery, is a charm-

ing counterpart of this picture without the figures—the landscape, green and bright-looking; the sea of a bluish tinge, ruffled by a gentle breeze; Nature everywhere smiling and serene. ‘Crabbers,’ Mr. Hook’s third picture, is a vigorous and grandly natural piece of deep-sea painting, fit to be classed with the never-to-be-forgotten ‘Luff! boy,’ beloved by all who cherish friendly reminiscences of the ocean. Two stalwart, weather-beaten fishermen are engaged in looking after their crab “pots;” one keeps the boat’s head to the sea, while the other is engaged in lifting out a goodly red-shelled crab from the wicker trap in which he has been caught.

Very pathetic in conception and vivid in expression is R. W. Macbeth’s painting of ‘A Lincolnshire Gang,’ to explain which we take leave to borrow *verbatim* the description appended in the catalogue:

“Eight appears to be the ordinary age at which children join the agricultural gangs in the Fens; in some instances they have been known to do so even at four. It is a common practice with parents to stipulate that if the elder children are hired to the gang-master, he must take the younger ones too. The distances they have to walk, or rather run, before the labours of the day begin are astounding; sometimes eight miles a day. They leave at five in the morning, under the care of the gang-master, and return at five at night. They work eight or nine hours; and during the last hour they are at work, ‘they will ask,’ said an old gang-master, ‘*forty times what o’clock it is.*’” A child lying on a heap of straw in the unsheltered barn of the farm-yard has inquired just “forty times” too many times “what o’clock it is.” The dawn of the day heralds the dawning of an eternal rest for this poor, over-worked waif of humanity. The retainers of the farm, men, women, young girls, and youths, roused from their slumbers by the call of the master of the gang, are awe-stricken, and lost in curiosity to know what has befallen the lad in the barn. Master and maid bend over the dying child, tendering a sympathy and help which come too late. The young master of the farm, greyhounds in leash, tugs at the dogs to hold back while he inquires “What’s the matter?” The matter of this deeply-pathetic, skilfully-composed, and powerfully-painted picture is that of a soul-stirring parable whose moral is Mr. Arch and his disciples.

‘The Temple of Diana at Zaghonan,’ in the room adjoining, from the pencil of J. E. Hodgson, R.A., is a modern Algerian version of the classical story of Actæon discovering Diana and her nymphs at the bath. An English sportsman, gun under arm, and setter in advance, has incautiously strayed too near the bathing-place of the Tunisian ladies. The dog, utterly unconcerned, laps the water with his parched tongue, while his master, descending through the brushwood, has just discovered the fact that the inviting pool into which he perchance had thought to plunge is already occupied. The ladies, very graceful and very pretty, coy in manner, and resenting the intrusion with becoming modesty, warn the adventurous Actæon by their looks that he should depart.

The grandest piece of landscape in this year’s exhibition is unquestionably the picture with the motto, ‘Over the Hills and far away,’ by Mr. John Everett Millais. It is simply impossible to render adequate justice to this masterpiece of natural representation. It is our opinion that it is a very splendid illustration of the artist’s extraordinary genius, exhibiting consummate draughtsmanship, marvellous power of colouring, and vivid truthfulness in execution, and that it ranks as one of the finest, if not the very finest, and most artistic pieces of painting of the year. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the scene lies in the Scotland that the painter loves so well. From the precise painting of the foreground of sedge and reed, morass and pool, heather and stunted herbage, the eye passes and descends at once to the delicate tints of the distant champaigns far below, and travels away across the wide prospect to the blue hills, clear, distinct, and glowing with warmth of colour after a shower of summer rain.

In ‘Newgate, 1818,’ by Mrs. E. M. Ward, wife of the Royal Academician of that name, we have a very telling piece of historical painting. Mrs. Fry, and her young friend Mary Saunderson, models of virgin-like purity and graceful beauty, are about entering the interior of Newgate jail. The gaoler has just opened the massive door leading to the women’s part of the prison. Inside we see a den-full of raging female prisoners, struggling for front places at the iron bars of the yard. Mrs. Fry has thus described her feelings at the moment of passing the gaoler: “The railing was

crowded with half-naked women struggling together for front situations with the utmost vociferation.” She felt, she adds, as if she “were going into a den of wild beasts.”

In Gallery III., the first picture likely to attract attention is ‘A Storm at Sea,’ by E. Nicol, A., by far the largest and best of this artist’s two contributions to the exhibition—a picture of great pathetic power, vigorously handled and marvellously well drawn, and abounding in evidences of skill and painstaking study on the part of the painter. Two weather-beaten sailors, inhabitants of some old seaside house, or Scotch coast-guard station, are watching, at the only window of their primitive-looking abode, some vessel evidently perilously in danger. One of them peers through a telescope resting upon a litter of books and papers, while a companion notes, with feverish anxiety, the motions and looks of his friend. An old woman, no doubt wife to one of the sailors, is in the background, eager to hear the result of the men’s watching. This last figure is full of energy and life. The old woman’s wrinkled hands clutch convulsively at the plaid shawl at her breast, and every line of her face betokens intense and agonised suspense while waiting to learn the fate of the vessel. In the ‘Apothecary,’ Mr. J. S. Marks, A., takes us inside the shop of the apothecary at the moment when with careful hand he measures out the one drop of the deadly potion which is to kill the rash Romeo. An old man in “tattered weeds, with overwhelming brow,” stands at a small table pouring into a vial the fatal liquid, one red sparkle of which is visible. The room is just such a one as Mr. Marks loves to revel in. Of the apothecary it is related that—

“In his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered to make up a show.”

And the artist has carefully reproduced this studio full of odds and ends. The tortoise, the stuffed alligator, the skins, the ill-shaped fishes, green earthen pots, and musty seeds, all are there, and much more besides of symbolical interpretation. Poppy-heads and a jug full of rosemary, for instance, stand prominent upon the table, and a skeleton hand and arm hang significantly from the wall, seeming to convey an illustration of the fate awaiting the dispenser of a poison

“Whose sale is present death in Mantua.”

It is not too much to affirm that the very existence of the Royal Academy as the university of British Art depends very much upon the honest and careful selection of the pictures which, sent to the annual exhibition, are intended to exemplify the status of Art-learning in this country. Mr. Cope’s picture, a gift to the Academy by Mr. G. Moore, is intended to illustrate (and very effectively it does it) the manner and mode of selection. It very accurately portrays, too, the gentlemen of the Council for a year, to whose care the difficult and invidious duty has been entrusted. Grouped around a table are the following Royal Academicians, adjudicating on a work submitted for exhibition: The president, Sir F. Grant, and Messrs. Armitage, Calderon, Cope, Faed, Hook, Horsley, Leighton, Lewis, Millais, Redgrave, and Ward. The secretary, Mr. Eaton, is seated at an adjoining table. The portraits are from the life. A painting is being held up for inspection by the porters of the Academy, commanded by a janitor, evidently of Scotch lineage, who, chalk in hand, awaits the command of the committee to note their decision on the back framework of the painting. This picture, the title of which is ‘Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition,’ will prove one of the attractions of the exhibition, simply because it is a skilful illustration of a much commented upon and oftentimes adversely criticised scene in the annual history of Royal Academy Exhibitions.

A work in this room exhibiting great æsthetic power and insight is a picture from the pencil of Mr. Poole, R.A., illustrating one of the fairy-scenes from the “Midsummer-Night’s Dream,” where Oberon meets Titania and exclaims:

“Ill-met by moonlight, proud Titania!
Titania. What, jealous, Oberon?
Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton; am not I thy lord?”

A very wonderful piece of subdued tone and colour. The fairies

dance around a placid lake, whose surface is dimly lighted by the soft rays of the moon peering through thick foliage. Ferns, and wild-flowers, and other specimens of rich and rank vegetation, frame the margin of the pool; while athwart the dewy grass, as on a looking-glass of Nature's own designing, are thrown the elfin shapes of the fairy revellers in fantastic commotion. This picture has the rare power of appealing to the imagination. Its unreality and indefiniteness are its charm.

There is a wealth of Art-work of the highest order in this room, the most extensive apartment, by-the-way, of the suite of rooms belonging to the Royal Academy. It would be careless to pass over, without appreciative comment, Sir John Gilbert's 'Richard II. resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke,' one of the most considerable and impressive as well as finely-executed works in the Exhibition. The artist has sought to illustrate the scene from Shakespeare's play, where the discrowned monarch makes Bolingbroke hold the crown with him, and compares his own fortunes and the king-maker's with the alternately full and empty buckets as they are raised and lowered in a deep well. The figures in the picture are life-size, and full of carefully-conceived characterisation. In

'Thy Duty towards thy Neighbour,' which discovers the same delicious charms of unaffected sweetness in early womanhood observable in all Mr. Leslie's works, we are introduced to a group of children, one of whom is repeating the catechism to an elder sister. We are permitted to view the interior of an old-fashioned apartment of some equally antique mansion in the hours between "church" on Sunday. The elder sister coming in from the garden has seated herself in an easy attitude on a sofa, put her hat off, and appears here clad all in white, patiently awaiting the recital by the younger sister of her bounden duties towards her neighbour. A little boy, half-amused, and half-doubtful, it seems, of his own success, when it shall come to his turn to be catechised, stands against a quaint and ancient-looking fireplace in that posture of childish irresoluteness not unmixed with fear familiar to most owners of brothers and sisters. This work is painted with consummate skill in the ordering of tints, and with all that grace and vivacity of attitude for which Mr. Leslie is famous. The dresses of the children are exceptionally good examples of the pretty and graceful costumes common to English households of wealth and taste some hundred years ago.

THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



THE present exhibition of paintings and statuary at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, which was opened early in May, is a very large one. It includes about five hundred and fifty paintings and a hundred pieces of sculpture. A large permanent collection of pictures belongs to the Academy, and includes the West and Allston Gallery, the Cope Gallery, the Wittcamp and the Gilpin Galleries. The collection of old American paintings is, we believe, the most complete in this country, and the artists include the names of Sully and Allston, Stuart, Benjamin West, Rembrandt Peale, C. R. Leslie, Henry Inman, and indeed of every eminent American artist except Trumbull, Copley, and Vanderlyn, none of whose works are found here. Among these paintings are West's large and famous picture of 'Death on the Pale Horse,' a composition of great power. And here also is a very large and fine example of Allston called 'Dead Man restored to Life by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha.' It has been the custom of late years to overlook the excellence of these two masters, and, in exalting the charms of quietly posed figures and simple *genre* scenes, to forget that these painters in reality have many of the qualities that made the great masters famous. There has not been an artist since his day, in this country, who modelled heads with such refinement and strength as Allston, and the rich tones of his pictures, still brilliantly transparent, place him among the colourists whose use of pigments was not matter of accident. His composition, which is one of the highest qualities of a painter, is very noble, and in its balance of light and shade, its repetition of forms all leading up to the central interest of the picture, but few artists have surpassed him in the dignified and majestic repose of some of his canvases. Besides these old American works, there are several genuine valuable foreign paintings belonging to the permanent collection at the Academy, including a very fine Van Lint, of a head of St. Jerome, whose excellence consists in the beautiful clear brown tones of the head and hands. Such a picture as this of Van Lint's is almost an education to a young student, and any one who has really appreciated the way the lights fade into the shadows, could run little risk of contenting himself with the chalky flesh and the heavy, opaque colour which so often appear in the works of inexperienced painters. The bright glazes that gave this picture its flesh-coloured tints have nearly faded away, and it is now chiefly as a piece of monochromatic painting that it is valuable. Here is also a very richly-toned painting by David of 'Samson sleeping on the Knees of Delilah,' which has less melodramatic and exaggerated anatomy than almost any picture we know by this master. Two or three pictures by Angelica Kauffmann are good examples of her style, and there is also a very excellent Joseph Vernet from the Buonaparte collection. In

addition to these foreign pictures there is a nice bit of Dutch still-life by Ostade; but a great many copies of famous masters and some more than doubtful so-called Salvator Rosas, Guidos, &c., weaken the collection.

In addition to these two distinct classes of pictures which belong to the Academy, there are fresh works by Philadelphia and other American and foreign artists which complete the gallery and compose this year's exhibition. Of the really good Philadelphia pictures their authors are mostly known as familiarly to us as our own New York men. On the walls of the Philadelphia Academy may be seen sea-pieces by W. T. Richards, a painting of a girl coming down a graveled path by Lambdin, which was in New York a year or two since, besides others of Lambdin's pictures. But there are several very excellent and suggestive works by persons whose names are not so familiar to us. Among the best of these are two fine landscapes of American scenery by George Hetzel. They are fresh, and strong both in drawing and colour, and the bending boughs of the trees, distant glimpses of mountain-side gleaming in the sunlight, and especially the limpid water and still pools, with grey mossy stones beside them, are as true and as full of feeling as similar scenes by W. T. Richards or by Kensett.

A number of American students, at Paris or Munich, have their pictures here, and we recognised with pleasure a head by Mr. Sartain, even more picturesque than his Italian 'Contadina' at our Academy. It is a Neapolitan peasant-boy, painted with the delicacy and sweetness of his picture at our own Academy; but the face has more character than that, and a picturesque quaintness of feature which resembles some of Murillo's heads gives it piquancy. Walter Shirilan, a new name to us, has an admirable composition called 'Feeding Poultry,' where children, geese, and dogs, are huddled together in a Dutch interior. Another and even a better painting by the same artist is called 'Tuning the Bell.' The scene represents a coarse man with his hammer striking on the sides of a big bronze bell which occupies the centre of the canvas. Near him stands a fiddler admirably drawn and painted in an easy and natural attitude, who strikes the note on his violin while the bell-tuner repeats it with his hammer on the bell. Beside them a charming little girl is standing, and a snub-nosed dog seems equally alive as his master to the interest of the tuning. The stories of these two pictures are not of much importance, but they compose into pictures which are really fine works of Art. From the style of neutral grey colour in the faces and the careful relations of all the parts, as well as the good anatomy of the figures everywhere thoroughly drawn, we suppose the artist must be a student at Munich, where no ignorant or slovenly work seems to be tolerated. Two or three paintings by Miss Mary Cassatt are powerful, and replete with thoughtful individuality. This lady's works are un-